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Miss Edith Helps Things Along.
"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says
you're to wait, if you please,
And says I might stay 'till she came, if I'd
promise her never to tease,
Nor speak 'till you spoke to me first. But that's
nonsense, for how would you know
What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't
you really and truly think so?"
"And then you'd feel strange here alone! And
you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we
never use it a bit.
We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack
says it would be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it and knock
out the very last screw.
S'pose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid
to! Oh! you're afraid they would think
it was mean!
Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if
you're sure that your fingers are clean,
For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she
only says that when she's cross.
There's her picture. You know it? It's like
her; but she ain't as good-looking, of
course!
"This is me. It's the best of 'em all. Now,
tell me, you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that? It's the only
one that could be bought—
For that was the message to go from the photo-
graph man where I sat—
That he wouldn't print off any more 'till he
first got his money for that.
"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why,
often she's longer than this.
There's all her back hair to do up and all of
her front curls to friz.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like
grown people, just you and me.
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh
do! But don't come like Tom Lee.
"Tom Lee, her last beau. Why, my good-
ness! He used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought he'd be her husband;
and Jack says that gave him a fright
You won't run away, then, as he did? For you're
not a rich man, they say.
Pa says you are poor as a church mouse. Now,
are you? And how poor are they?
"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am;
for I know now that your hair isn't red.
But what there is left of it's mouey, and not
what that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go. Sister's coming. But
I wish I could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you and kissed you in the way
that she used to kiss Lee."
—Direct Harie in the Independent.

SAM'S JUDGMENT.

"Hen-ery! Hen-ery! Sisy! Hen-ery
Pine, where be ye?"
Almira (commonly called Miry) Calkins
shrieked this summons from the
back-door of the farm house. The
month was April; the weather, for that
day, vernal. Crowses gilded the post
bed here and there; a few red buds
decked the maple branches. A robin
or two hopped wistfully about the chip
yard, keeping an eye out for aggressive
hens; but as it was morning, those
dames of price were busy with domestic
cares in fragrant hollows of the haymow
or cavernous barrels half full of
shavings, made ready for such
exigencies, while the cock was far
picked up the early worm, so the
robins were undisturbed.
Miry was embodied in spring
herself, as she stood on that rough stone,
her shining hair knotted in a golden
bunch behind her head, her face rosy as
a peach, her eyes bright, and her cool as
gold gray eyes can be, and her trim
little figure clad in a clean calico gown,
with a striped bib-apron, while rolled-
up sleeves displayed to the elbow a
pair of sturdy arms, and her strong
short hands grasped the broom handle.
"What do ye want?" a cheery voice
responded, as a handsome young fellow
lifted his dark head from behind the
wood-pile, and smiled at the girl, with a
glitter of mischief in his eyes.
"I didn't know as your name was
Henry," said Miry, with a sniff.
"When ye can't get what ye want, it's
sorter policy to take what ye can get,"
returned Sam Peters, with a smile.
"Mebbe of ye hollered a mite louder,
Hen would hear ye."
"Hen-ery! I screamed the girl again;
and as the word left her lips, a sheepish-
looking fellow came stumbling out of
the barn with a hatful of eggs.
"Ben a-layin' on 'em, Hen-fashion,"
put in Sam, in a stage aside. "Mira
wanted to laugh at this rustic joke, but
she was vexed with Sam, so she bit her
lips; but her eyes would gladder.
"Was you a-callin' me?" said Henry,
ambuling up to the door.
"Yes, I was; don't ye know your
name yet, Hen Pine?"
"Well, now, ye see, I was up to the
top of the mow. I heard ye; but if I'd
a hollered back, I'd a skeert the old hen
outer her wits."
"Maybe you'd have picked 'em up,"
dryly remarked Sam, shouldering his
axe and going off to the wood-shed with
an armful of kindlings.
"Mira threw an indignant glance at
him, and proceeded to do her errand to
Henry. Sam was out of her good graces
just now. He had talked too much to
Emily Snow at last night's quilting.
And who was going to believe all his
nonsense, when he could talk a whole
hour to another girl? It did not occur
to Mira that she had refused his escort
to the aforesaid quilting, and he had
been obliged to go with Emily in con-
sequence. If consistency is a jewel,
according to the much-vexed quotation,
it is not one that women wear; perhaps

it is reserved for collar buttons and scarf
pins.
Now Sam Peters and Henry Pine,
though they were both "hired out" to
old Jehiel Calkins, were also his daugh-
ter's lovers—a state of things neither
anomalous nor uncommon in old New
England, where many a Jacob served his
patriarch, and grew up into a
patriarch with flocks and herds of his
own.
But neither Almira nor her lovers
knew yet who would succeed in this
service, nor whether, indeed, some third
man might not step in and distance them
both. Henry had one powerful ally in
the well-known fact that his father had
"means," as Yankeeism phrases it, and
Mira had a keen eye for the goods and
gands of this present world. Good
hard common-sense lined that low
square forehead, and the firm chin, al-
most too prominent for symmetry, told
his story of resolute will and stern de-
termination. She did not underrate
that big farm-house of Sol Pine's, with
its stretch of level meadows lying to the
south, sheltered by great hills wooded
to their summits, and on their lower
terrace bearing orchards full of pink
and white promise and golden perform-
ance. She liked a snug prospect for the
future, a garnished and well-stored
home; but Henry was so stupid! such an
utter lout—kind-hearted, dull-witted,
with no resource and no energy; while
Sam was intelligent, alert, quick-witted,
and full of courage—and so handsome!
In her secret soul Mira admired Sam
mightily, but he was only one of seven
children; and his widowed mother's
sole possession lay in a wild mountain
farm, partially cleared as yet, and the
other six were girls.
If she married him the world lay be-
fore her, and only their four hands
wherewith to open its shell; but then
there were great possibilities, and these
were fascinating. A future with Henry
was determinate and secure; there was
only peace and plenty, and Mira was
ambitious.
But Sam also was determined. Nature
had not given him those keen dark eyes
and that strong development of sinew
and muscle for no purpose; the future
did not daunt him, and his mind was re-
solved on Mira and Congress, and this
was his own precious secret. However,
like many another man, his plans came
near to shipwreck for want of a chart;
yet what man ever lived who knew the
channels and the quicksands of a
woman's mind?
Sam set himself to work to make his
rival ridiculous; he demonstrated poor
Henry's ignorance, and played on his
credulity; he ridiculed him to his face
and carefully beguiled him into all kinds
of false positions: all of which roused
Miry's innate feminine perversity and
kindness to take the side of the weakest,
and she gave Henry so much encourage-
ment that even her parents were puzzled.
"I do declare," said father Calkins,
as he sat down by the kitchen fire-place
one chilly May night, and pulling off his
big boots prepared to toast his feet
at the embers, "Almiry beats me,
mother. I'm blamed of she ain't a-sittin'
to Hen Pine now, 's true 's ye live!
an' 'tain't good two months back I could
ha' swore she was bound to hev Sam
Peters. Jeethunder! women-folks is
wax 'n the weather; you can't guess on
'em."
"We-e-ell," droned the tired and
sleepy wife, "I dono as I keer. Henry's
got means; she won't never want fur
nothin' of she takes up with him. A
bird in the hand's wuth a good deal, pa,
and Almiry is pooty keen, now I tell
ye."
"That's so; that's so," rejoined the
old man. "But Sam is dreadful likely;
he's smarter'n any steel trap; fortin'
(which is vernacular, dear reader, for
'for what I know') he'll be a judge
or suthin' afore he dies, and Hen Pine
won't never be nothin' but an everlastin'
fool to the day after never."
"Well, Almiry'll tune him, I bet ye,
pa. He won't know his soul's his own
if that gal marries him."
"Lordy! Jerroah, hain't you lived
long enough to know you can't no way
break in a fool? They're jest like Par-
son Powder's donkey, that went all ways
of a Sunday except the way to meetin'.
I'd rather take my chance with a feller
that had got suthin' inside of his head
than one with nothin' but what was in-
side his pocket, a blamed sight."
"Mebbe so, mebbe so, Jehiel; but it's
kinder borne in on my mind, that Miry
will take Henry, nevertheless and what-
soever. Ain't she gone a-ridin' over to
Colebrook with him this blessed night,
jest for nothin' but becoss Samwell asked
her to go to the lecturer over'n the
ville?"
"That ain't nothin'; she'll get so all-
fired sick o' Hen's stoopid grinnin' ways
afore long, I'll bet ye a red cent she'll
take to Sam fin'ly."
"It's dreadful onertain, anyway,"
sighed Mrs. Calkins, as she took up her
tallow candle and went into the bedroom,
quite too sleepy to discuss the matter,
while "pa" turned the current of his
thoughts to the new litter of pigs, Al-
mira and her ways being quite too much
for his brain.
But it is certain that so stupid did
Henry Pine show himself this very even-
ing, such an unspokeable bore and don-
key, that Miry's heart failed her, and
she was almost inclined to put a sharp
and sudden end to his probation; be-
sides, Sam was on his dignity, and
piqued her wayward fancy mightily by
his curt and masterful manner toward
her and Henry both. She began to feel
a certain respect for him, a conscious-
ness that he was the strongest; and
with one class of women this is a long
step toward surrender: much as they
like to rule, there is a keener fascination
in discovering their ruler.

Perhaps she might have been enraged,
perhaps trembled, had she seen herself
unseen an interview between her two
lovers the next morning. They were
both planting corn in the long lot—a bit
of meadow land at the extreme limit of
the farm—and when their bags were
empty, and the drills levelled over their
golden sprinkling of seed, Henry was
turning his face homeward, when Sam
stopped him.
"Look here, Hen; hold on; I've
somethin' to say to ye."
"Hay!" responded Henry, with an
air of idiotic astonishment, but turning
back on his tracks.
"Don't yawp so. I jest want ter say
that I know what you're snakin' around
this here humstead for; an' you can't
come it, now I tell ye."
"What be ye a-talkin' about?" put
in the naturally astounded Henry.
"Why, I'm talkin' about Miry Calkins.
Maybe you think you're goin' to git that
gal; but I tell ye you ain't, not by a long
shot!"
"Well! whose troop do you ride in?"
inquired the other, with fine sarcasm.
"Not your'n, anyhow, Hen Pine—and
I ain't jokin', you can swear. I'm goin'
to marry Almiry, of any living man doos;
so you'd jest as good haul out o' the
road afore you're kicked out."
"Mighty Moses! how yew talk!"
gasped the alarmed youth.
"Tain't all talk, sir. Be you goin' to
quit without haulin', or not?"
"I do know," answered Henry, sullenly,
his native obstinacy asserting itself
in place of courage—"I do know I'm
goin' to be walked over this fashion. I
guess I'm as good as you be, and I've
got a sight more chink."
"Darn your dollars! who wants 'em?"
Miry ain't that sort; she'd rather marry
a man than a pocket book."
"She ain't nobody's fool, now I tell
ye, Sam Peters. See of she wouldn't a
heap ruther settle down on our farm
than go a tin-peddlin' long o' you. Ho!
I guess I shan't haw out o' your road;
not much. No, sir!"
"Look-a-here," ejaculated Sam,
growing savage. "You'd better hear to
me, Hen Pine. Ef I ketch you hangin'
round Almiry any more, I'll make you
soot you'll wish 't you was further,
pretty quick. A bumble-bee's nest won't
be nothin' to it. Now this I say an'
swear; if you don't go easy, you'll go
hard; jest you rec'lect that."
Sam's handsome face grew dark and
his fist clinched involuntarily as he
spoke; and with an uneasy chuckle,
which he meant to have made defiant,
Henry went off alone, resolving to per-
severe in his devotion to Almira, and,
besides that, to tell her all about this
small interview with his rival.
But Sam's keen wit warned him that
this would be Henry's first move, and
that luckless wight got no chance to
speak to his adored all day, and was
even obliged to see her drive off to the
village with her mother, quite ignorant
of Sam's audacity.
Now it was Henry's duty to fetch the
cows from pasture at night, and he set
off early to-day, that they might be back
by sunset, and his chores all done when
Mira returned, intending to ask her for
a walk after supper, and put his fate to
the touch, as well as bring Sam to con-
fusion. But he reckoned without his
host. Sam took a short cut across the
hill, drove the only Alderney heifer, the
pride and delight of Miss Calkins' heart,
out of the pasture into a mowing lot
where an old barn stood, and shut her
up, betaking himself to a clump of
hemlocks which overlooked the road,
till Henry came sauntering along, and,
letting down the bars, began to call the
creatures out of the lot. They came on
after the fashion of cows, as if time was
no matter and speed unknown or impos-
sible; and perhaps Henry would have
driven them home without missing the
Alderney, had not Sam, who was some-
thing of a ventriloquist, thrown his
voice across the further hill-side, and
uttered a faint "Moo-oo."
Henry started, looked, started toward
the sound, then back to the cows, and
after rubbing his eyes and counting over
the slow procession fling past him,
seemed to become aware that Miss Betty
was not among them. Another distant
low convinced.
"Darn it all!" Sam could hear him
mutter; "that all-fired critter's ben an
strayed agin. Well, they'll go hum-
dy-rect, I guess. I must hunt her."
And hunt her he did, first up hill,
then into the deep woods, Sam stalking
him all the time like a deer-hunter, and
Henry disturbing the fragrant stillness
of nature with various expletives of both
wrath and disgust, but not daring to go
home without the cow, which was Miry's
special pet. After various tribulations
Sam landed his luckless rival on the
edge of a great swamp, from whose
tangled thickets the distressed utterance
of Miss Betty issued more than once be-
fore Henry dared attempt the boggy
surface and darkling growth; at last,
however, he plunged boldly in, and
Sam's device having taken effect, he
himself, familiar as a squirrel with all
the wood ways, hastened back to the
pasture, released Miss Betty, who had
been kept quiet with a bunch of juicy
carrots, and turning her into the road
where the rest had gone, took the short
cut homeward, and would have arrived
there in time to be seated on the door-
step to receive Almira but for an unfore-
seen occurrence. And yet fate had no
spite against Sam; it was the old story
of evil that is only hidden good, though
it seemed unmixed evil to him that in
jumping over the five-rail fence into the
high-road only a few rods from home he
should light on a rolling stone, that
slipped from under his foot and sent him
tumbling into the gutter, with a broken
leg. Now Sam had been properly
brought up by a strict New England

mother, who believed in judgments ready
to be hurled from the hand of God on
every sin of man, while mercies were
than welcomed, and accepted on the
platform of the old hymn:
"We should suspect some danger nigh
"When we possess delight."
Therefore it is not strange that Sam
considered it a direct punishment for
his tricks upon Henry when he found
his leg was helpless, and he must lie by
the way-side till some Samaritan came
past. Luckily this proved to be Miry
and her mother, who were shocked to
find him lying on the grass, pale as a
sheet, and suppressing with effort the
pain that all but opened his firm-set
lips in spite of his self-control. With
Almira's strong arm to help, and his
own efforts, he was at last laid in the
bottom of the wagon and taken to the
house, where the old farmer came to the
rescue, and before long Sam was care-
fully laid on "ma's" own bed in the
little room off the kitchen; and Henry
being yet in the unpleasant swamp look-
ing for Miss Betty, Almira herself drove
hurriedly back to the village and fetched
the doctor.
Two hours after, as Sam lay there
splintered and helpless, but not un-
comfortable, he could not but hear a
blundering foot stumble into the kitch-
en, and the old farmer's voice in its
gruffest tone began:
"Where hev ye ben, Henery Pine?
Here's the old cat to pay; cows hum
two hours back, an' nobody to do a
chore but me; Sam fetched in with a
broke leg, mother e'en a-most distract-
ed, Almiry obliged to go arter the
doctor herself, and you a-wantin'!"
"Well, I swan to man," responded
Henry, in an injured growl. "I've ben
a-doin' my best to find that tarnal Jersey
keow. She's led me seek another chase
all over creation, an' I hain't found her
yet; an' I dono but what she's sot in the
hemlock swamp this mornin'."
"Oh, come now, that won't pass no
muster at all, sir. Betty's safe in the
yard along o' all the rest on 'em, an'
she give down six good quarts into my
pail this very night; so you needn't give
me no such humbugging talk, sir. I
won't stan' it!"
"Lordy! I dono what you're a-talkin'
I say an' swear I've ben a-huntin' Bet
all over, up across the wood lot an' way
into the big swamp, till I've tore my
clothes a-most off'n me. Look-a-there!"
"More fool you!" ejaculated the dis-
gusted old farmer, as he eyed Henry's
ragged with a sidelong glare. "Jest you
harness up t'other mare, an' make tracks
up to Miss Peter's, over on the moun-
tain, an' fetch her over to see Sam. Take
the lantern along; the road's kinder bad,
an' don't lose the mare."
Stung by the undeserved sarcasm,
and not as sorry for Sam as he ought to
have been, Henry took things at his
ease, and it was well on to midnight
before Mrs. Peters got to her boy's bed-
side, to find him sleeping quietly; and
when he woke at early dawn to the
strange consciousness of his own help-
less and painful condition, it was a com-
fort to see his mother's anxious, tender
face bending over him, and to feel her
motherly touch about his head, smooth-
ing and settling and "tidying up," as
only his mother could do. After the rest
of the family had dispersed to their
duties, and Sam had his mother all to
himself, he came to full conviction, even
so far as to own his previous conversa-
tion with Henry.
"I thought of you in a minnit, mother.
I knew you'd tell about its being a judg-
ment, an' I declare I dono but what it
was. He's got a clear field, anyway, an'
I'm left out in the cold for all my boast-
in'"; and here Sam heaved a deep re-
luctant sigh.
"Well, Samwel, it don't never do to
force Providence. The Book says, ye
know, 'it is good that a man should
both hope and quietly wait,' and I ex-
pect that holds true about all good gifts.
I make no doubt it's a judgement, Sam-
wel, and I hope it'll be blessed to ye."
"I don't feel none too blessed now,"
murmured Sam, under his breath. "It
does seem a heap more as if I was
't'other-thighed."
Luckily his mother did not overhear
poor Sam's amendment of her final
opinion, but busied herself as tenderly
and carefully about his wants and wishes
as if she meant at least to modify the
visitation, while she acknowledged his
deserving it. But Mrs. Peters could not
be spared long for Sam's service,
and though she took every opportunity
during her short stay to impress upon
him her belief that he was being pun-
ished for his hard feeling and unkindly
acts toward Henry, and read to him
punctually and pointedly all the Scrip-
tures she could sift out of the Bible to
that same end, it was doubtful even to
her hopeful soul if Sam accepted the
situation with proper submission. Still,
she had to leave him, for he could not
be moved yet over that rough mountain
road, and Mrs. Calkins and Miry both
declared it was not to be thought of at
any time. The bedroom "dreadful
handy," opening into the kitchen and
shed both; and now all the plowing and
planting were over, there was not the
same pressing need of his services that
there had been. Even Henry, seeing
the field was clear for his courtship,
became sulkily amiable to his rival, and
helped take care of him unasked, which
in time softened Sam's feeling toward
him so much that one bright Sunday
afternoon, when Henry had betaken
himself to church with the rest, leaving
Miry to look after a hen that would
"come off" on Sunday in spite of the
tithing-man, Sam improved the occa-
sion to confess his sin to Miry—that is,
as far as concerned his hiding of the
cow and leading Henry astray—and his
profound conviction that the broken leg
was a judgement.

Now Almira was at heart a real
woman, for all her cool head and strong
will. To have Sam on her hands, help-
less and appealing, for the last three
weeks, had softened her mightily toward
him. The handsome dark eyes, languid
with pain and weariness, had their share
in this influence, no doubt; and the
courageous patience with pain, the
grateful look and word which always
met any little service done for him, the
cheerful endurance of helplessness and
weary days—all these bent Mira more
and more toward her undeclared lover.
For Sam had never yet said the first
word of love to her, yet by some won-
derful perception this acute young
person was as well aware of his passion
as if it had been blazoned in a thousand
words.
Sam did himself good service un-
aware on that Sunday, for Henry took
heart the same night to declare himself
on the way home from singing-school,
prefacing his offer with a full, true, and
particular account of Sam's threats and
hard words. Of course Mira was quick
enough to understand at once why Sam
had misled Henry on that eventful
night when he broke his own leg, and
she could scarce help smiling at the
piteous tone of her present address as he
recounted Sam's fierce menaces.
"Well, I wa'n't skeert none, 'Miry,
now I tell ye; but thinks I, I'll be even
with him, sure as shootin', for I'll tell
Miry on't next time I git a chance, an'
ef that don't show her what sort o' a
feller he is, I dono nothin'."
"And I s'pose," retorted Mira, "you
never thought you was a-shovin' what
kind of a feller you was, now did ye?"
"Look-a-there, Henery Pine! I always did
despise a tell-tale from the time I was
knee-high to a hop-toad; and a grown
up tell-tale is the worst of all!"
"Oh, Lordy! Almiry Calkins! what
dew you mean? Why, I want ye to
marry me! Hain't I said it out plain?"
"You needn't never say it no more,"
put in Almira, with a noble disregard of
grammar in behalf of impressiveness.
"I wouldn't marry you if you was the
King o' Siam."
"Well! well! well!" blubbered
Henry. "I never'd ha' thought you'd
ha' gin me the mitten, seen' what a
farm our folks has got, an' money in the
bank, an' stock an' crops. I don't know
how to b'lieve it."
"Don't make me give ye a pair o'
mittens," said his enraged goddess; "so
I wish ye good night and better man-
ners"—for here they were at the door;
and Almira slipped up stairs to bed,
filled with loathing and rage, and
thinking in her secret soul that Sam
never, never could have made such a
fool of himself. No, indeed! Sam was
no fool. He became aware that Henry
was in a dear and sore frame of mind
the next day, and seeing that Mira was
more than usually snappy and alert, and
wheeled about with a hot color in her
cheeks, our bedrid philosopher drew his
own conclusions, and when Miry came
in after tea to "visit with him," he
contrived to coax the "tory out of her."
It was abominable in Mira to tell her
discarded lover's secret; but let us for-
give her, for she had her own reasons.
Sam's face grew bright as she recounted
with unaffected scorn Henry's surprise
at her contempt of his money.
"He's a brute," said Sam, curtly, and
then his voice softened. "Oh, Miry, if
I should ask you, with no sort o'
temptation, only jest that I'd like to
kiss the tip of your shoe, I love ye so,
should I get a mitten too?"
"Miry looked down in her lap very
hard, and turning her face toward the
door as if she heard somebody coming,
said, slowly, "I dono as 'twould hurt ye
to try."
There was a mightily expressive
silence for a minute, and Miry's pretty
head bent so low that Sam could lift
himself to meet it before she spoke again,
to say, with a queer half laugh, "Mother
said my broke leg was a judgement, but
somehow it seems anything but that
jest now. I dono's I ever should ha' got
courage, Miry, without I'd laid here an'
seen ye so dreadful good an' kind to me."
"Mebbe you'll find it's a judgement
yet," wickedly retorted Mira.
"Well, of 'tis," answered satisfied
Sam, "it's mightily tempered with
mercy, as mother used to say."
And to this day Squire Peters always
says nothing ever did him so much good
as his first acknowledged judgement,
though it took the form of a broken leg.
—Harpers' Bazar.

Curious Invention.
Some of the monasteries of Italy and
France will send curious inventions to
the Paris Exhibition. A Florentine friar
has constructed a watch only a quarter
of an inch in diameter. It has not only
a third hand to mark the second, but a
microscopic dial which indicates the
days of the week and month and the
proper dates. It also contains an alarm
and on its front cover an ingeniously cut
figure of St. Francis of Assisi. On the
back cover two verses of the "Te Deum"
are distinctly cut. A monastery in Brit-
tany, France, will contribute a plain-
looking mahogany table, with an inlaid
draughts or chess board on the surface.
The inventor sets the pieces for a game
of chess, and sits alone at one side of the
board. He plays cautiously, and the
opposite pieces move automatically and
sometimes checkmate him. There is no
mechanism apparent beneath the table
top, which seems to be a solid mahogany
board.
The cup of human bliss is about as
full as it can ever become without strain-
ing the goblet, when the tiny, bright-
eyed little toddler bids good-bye to
gowns and sashes and fluds himself in
his first pair of pantaloons.

Items of Interest.
Good name for a wood-cutter—Hugh.
Hens come into the world by the
hatchway.
February, March—Camden Post.
So that April May.—Oil City Derrick.
What is the most warlike nation?
Vaccination. Why? Because it is al-
ways in arms.
There are many men whose tongues
might govern multitudes, if they could
govern their tongues.
King Humbert owns eight hundred
horses. He seems determined to estab-
lish a stable government.
Hard up as the people of most Euro-
pean capitals may be at present, it's al-
ways easy to find a V in Vienna.
They say that a hundred and fifty mil-
lion kisses are bestowed upon each other
or some one else by all the inhabitants
of the world.
Artificial fish probagation has proved
a success in Virginia, and large num-
bers of shad and herring are found in
streams where they were hitherto un-
known.
The officials and employees of the city
of New York number over \$7,500, and
their yearly pay is more than \$11,000,
000. There are fifty-two persons who
draw each \$5,000 or over.
Horseflesh is now becoming so com-
mon an article of food in Paris, that
1,000 beasts are consumed every month.
They are not killed until they become
useless for work through age or lame-
ness. The meat is but half the price of
beef.
When Mr. Baker took to his wife,
A busom little dear,
He fenced her in with both arms
And whispered in her ear,
"Now do I promise thee, my
N'er from thy side to go;
For like all bakers, little one,
I daily need my doe."
What a beautiful example of sim-
plicity in dress is shown some followers
of the fashion by that domestic animal,
the cat, which rises in the morning,
washes its face with its right hand, gives
its tail three jerks, and is ready dressed
for the day!
A Boston paper says: "A butterfly
was caught at the South End yesterday."
It may be safe enough to catch a but-
terfly at the south end, but when you go
to grab a wasp, you want to catch it at
the northeasterly end, shifting westerly
toward the head.
The strength of the French army is
as follows: Active army (five classes),
719,366; reserve of active army (four
classes), 520,982; territorial army (five
classes), 594,736; reserve of territorial
army (six classes), 638,782; total, 2,473,-
866—all trained men.
WORK.
"How speaks the present hour? act!
Walk, upward glancing;
So shall thy footsteps in glory be tracked,
Slow, but advancing.
Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor.
Let the great meaning enoble it ever;
Drop not o'er efforts expended in vain,
Work as believing that labor is gain."
A traveling tree peddler sold some ex-
traordinary kind of gooseberries to a
farmer. Next year when the peddler
came round the farmer informed him
that his gooseberry bushes bore cur-
rants. "That is all right," says the
peddler, "that kind always produces
currants the first year."
Knowing now, as we do with certainty,
the extremes of form to which all matter
is liable, we may surely predict that the
future of our globe simply depends
upon the amount of heat received by its
surface. If the heat diminishes, all
earth and air will be silent stone, with-
out the breath of life upon it; if the heat
increases, the whole world will melt in
thin air. —Dr. E. B. Foote's Health
Monthly.
Traveling in a Land of Leeches.
Monotonous as it was, writes a traveler
in Malaya, there was constant excite-
ment in watching for, and pulling off,
the numberless leeches which swarmed
in every direction. The ground seemed
alive; wherever you looked you saw
small bodies resembling fine "elastic"
(similar to a piece out of the side spring
of a boot), gracefully erect, and making
toward you with the mode of progres-
sion peculiar to their genus. On start-
ing, I had encased my legs in thick
knickerbocker stockings, into which I
thrust my trousers, securely tying them
on by means of tape, thinking myself
perfectly secure. I had trudged on
without caring for the voracious worms
which I constantly saw on the bare legs
of my companions, each of whom carried
a stick, at the end of which was a small
bundle of tobacco and lime, covered
with a piece of muslin, one application
of which sufficed to make a leech drop
off, apparently stupefied. At noon we
reached the banks of the Salumah river,
where it assumed the aspect of a moun-
tain torrent, and, being anxious to con-
template at my ease what was a grand
sight in the midst of a forest—the water
foaming and roaring among bowlders of
great magnitude—I ordered a halt, and
proceeded to take off my shoes and
stockings and bathe my feet. Oh, hor-
ror! my stockings were full of blood;
my European contrivances had failed,
and, instead of keeping out my enemies,
had offered them a safe retreat, for I
discovered no less than nine gorged
leeches in one stocking and eight in the
other. From that moment I discarded
shoes and stockings, and, doing in Ma-
laya as the Malays do, ever after walked
barefoot, armed with a stick, tobacco
and lime, which I found most effective,
requiring only a little vigilance on my
own part and that of my immediate fol-
lowers in our Indian mode of dress.